

Nausea

Feel the blue sea: nausea.
Know your body from stomach to mouth:
pitch, pitch-rocking.
This is the mouth i eat with, this is the mouth
i kiss with, i suck with, i lap with,
this is, this is the mouth the black bile flows through
on the deck, on the chick beside me, on her new blue dress.

Here comes more, get ready!

Aah! do you like it? want some more?
Up -- the rumble in my belly, shaking --
crack, enzymes move to undulating of gastric walls --
ignite, the goo globules and correlates to the
music of back bending and head throwing
and mouth, tongue -- get ready ... start,
climb the esophageal walls -- again
masses of edible shit convulsing and propells itself
ever upwards ... it's dung, it's scum, it's ...
the horn of plenty in watery form.
Clear the path, watch out, i need room;
(i have something to do.)
Burp burp burp.
Hark burp a burp foreboding sign burp!
False alarm.

-- ronnie zimardi

Passing Through

i have felt my limbs foreshorten.
even though my youth is still upon me,
a chill that bids the warmth recede.
as my sight retains the beauty of me,
something paradoxical beckons
and something mystical says stay.
in depths that were not meant for me
to fathom blind or clearly see
i spin my mind and body too
trying to catch the ghost, to see
meanwhile asking, who are you?
fleet shadows cast, and bend in spirits eye
there is the relentless image
of my lifetime passing by.

-- Rai Saunders